

NEW EDITION.

# '98 SONG BOOK



WOLFE TONE.

Memory of the Dead, Boolavogue, Men of the West, Boys of Wexford, The Three Flowers, Kelly of Killane, Tone is Coming Back Again, Rising of the Moon, A Song of the North, etc., etc.

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*Seventeen Mac Golla Eoin.*

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# The '98 Song Book

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

*WHO fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?*

*When cowards mock the patriot's fate who hangs his head for shame?*

*He's all a knave or half a slave who slights his country thus;  
But a true man, like you, man, will fill your glass with us.*

*We drink the memory of the brave, the faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave, some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All, all are gone, but still lives on the fame of those who died;  
All true men, like you, men, remember them with pride.*

*Some on the shores of distant lands their weary hearts have laid,*

*And by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made;*

*But, though their clay be far away beyond the Atlantic foam,*

*In true men, like you, men, their spirit's still at home.*

*The dust of some is Irish earth—among their own they rest;  
And the same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast;*

*And we will pray that from their clay full many a race may start*

*Of true men, like you, men, to act as brave a part.*

*They rose in dark and evil days to right their native land;  
They kindled here a living blaze that nothing shall withstand;*

*Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—they fell and passed away;*

*But true men, like you, men, are plenty here to-day.*

*Then here's their memory—may it be for us a guiding light  
To cheer our strife for liberty and teach us to unite!  
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still, though sad as theirs  
your fate;*

*And true men be you, men, like those of Ninety-Eight.*

JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

## THE GALLANT MEN OF NINETY-EIGHT

(AIR: "Viva La.")

**T**HE spirit of our fathers bright inspires our hearts to  
firm unite,  
And strike again for God and Right, as did the men of  
Ninety-Eight,  
When Wexford and New Ross could tell, and Tubberneering  
and Carnew,  
Where many a Saxon foeman fell, and many an Irish soldier,  
too.

CHORUS.

*Hurrah, brave boys, we vow to stand together for our  
Fatherland,  
As did that bold devoted band, the gallant men of  
Ninety-Eight.*

*Their altars and their homes they rose to guard from ruthless  
tyrant foes,  
Who reeled beneath the vengeful blows for freedom dealt in  
Ninety-Eight.  
The patriots' blood that reddened deep the soil where fell  
they in their gore,  
Their mem'ry green and fresh shall keep within our bosoms'  
inmost core.*

Chorus.

*Then let us here give three times three for those who fought  
for liberty,  
As slaves could never bend the knee the free-born men of  
Ninety-Eight.*



*Not they that bondsmen's yoke could bear, while one stout  
pike could deal a blow,  
Then by their memory let us swear to meet once more the  
hated foe!*

*Chorus.*

BERNARD MAGENNIS.

## BOOLAVOGUE

(TRADITIONAL AIR).

*AT Boolavogue, as the sun was setting  
O'er the bright May meadows of Shelmalier,  
A rebel hand set the heather blazing  
And brought the neighbours from far and near.  
Then Father Murphy, from old Kilcormack,  
Spurred up the rocks with a warning cry;  
"Arm! Arm!" he cried, "for I've come to lead you,  
For Ireland's freedom we fight or die."*

*He led us on 'gainst the coming soldiers,  
And the cowardly Yeomen we put to flight;  
'Twas at the Harrow the boys of Wexford  
Showed Bookey's regiment how men could fight.  
Look out for hirelings, King George of England,  
Search every kingdom where breathes a slave,  
For Father Murphy of the County Wexford  
Sweeps o'er the land like a mighty wave.*

*We took Camolin and Enniscorthy,  
And Wexford storming drove out our foes;  
'Twas at Slieve Coillte our pikes were reeking  
With the crimson stream of the beaten Yeos.  
At Tubberneering and Ballyellis  
Full many a Hessian lay in his gore;  
Ah, Father Murphy, had aid come over  
The green flag floated from shore to shore!*

*At Vinegar Hill, o'er the pleasant Slaney,  
Our heroes vainly stood back to back,  
And the Yeos at Tullow took Father Murphy  
And burned his body upon the rack.*

*God grant you glory, brave Father Murphy,  
And open Heaven to all your men;  
The cause that called you may call to-morrow  
In another fight for the Green again.*

P. J. McCALL.

## buaile máothós

Donncaí Ó Laoisaire o'astraig.

1 mBuaile máothós tráchnóna gréine,  
Is bánta lúgra go seal fé bláit;  
Bí teinte-cnáma ar bárr na sléibhte,  
Do bailis céadta cun toul san ár.  
Ó Cill gíl Cormaic, bí an tAchar Seán ann,  
'S a slóighe lám leis cun toul sa gleo:  
Is móitíis feasta sur b'é ár tdaoisead  
As treóruíad daoitíl an fáit beaí beo.

Da éróda groidé é, ar céann a muintir,  
Is Síománaí fíochmar' dá ruadad ar fán;  
Is díorma an Buacais anois go buadarta,  
Is Saeitíl i n-uachtar le neart ár lám.  
Cugat, a Seoirse, a smiste éróin-tuith,  
Ní díon duit slóighe na n-amas tar lear;  
Mar tá'n tAchar Seán 'sa óglais éróda,  
As scuabad rómpa mar tonn mór mear.

Bí Cam mólainis agus Inniscórtaí,  
Agus Carmain tógta le píce is sleag;  
Is ar bárr Sliab Coillte bí buadad milltead,  
Do cuir Síománaí go doimhín fé scriait.  
As Tobar an Iarainn agus Baile Eilis,  
Is mó Oisín sínte 'sis millte a sclóid,  
'Sa Achar Seán gíl, dá mbead caibair i ndán dúinn;  
Bead daoitíl go láidir arís i scoróinn.

As fíot na gCaor cois imeall Sláinge,  
Do troid ár sár-fir go cróda mear;  
Aet i tTullais fíotlim, mo éreac gear cráitíte!  
An tAchar Seán boet sur sínead las.

A D'É NA GLÓIRE, I D' DÚN GO DÚGSAIR,  
 An saGART GLÓRMAR SA SLÓIGTE FEAR;  
 AÉT TÁIMÍO ULLAM ARÍS AMÁIREAC,  
 CUN TROIO GO DÁNA D'FEARANN AIRT.

## THE SEAN BHEAN-BHOCHT

(TRADITIONAL AIR).

*OH! the French are on the sea, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 The French are on the sea, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 Oh! the French are in the Bay, they'll be here without delay,  
 And the Orange will decay, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht,  
 And the Orange will decay, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.*

*And where will they have their camp? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 Where will they have their camp? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.  
 On the Curragh of Kildare, the boys they will be there  
 With their pikes in good repair, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 And Lord Edward will be there, says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.*

*Then what will the Yeomen do? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 What will the Yeomen do? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.  
 What should the Yeomen do but throw off the red and blue  
 And swear that they'll be true to the Sean-bhean Bhocht,  
 And swear that they'll be true to the Sean-bhean Bhocht.*

*And what colour will they wear? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 What colour will they wear? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.  
 What colour should be seen where our fathers' homes have  
 been  
 But our own immortal green? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht,  
 But our own immortal green? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.*

*And will Ireland then be free? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht;  
 Will Ireland then be free? says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.  
 Yes! Ireland shall be free from the centre to the sea;  
 Then hurrah for liberty! says the Sean-bhean Bhocht,  
 Then hurrah for liberty! says the Sean-bhean Bhocht.*



## THE BOYS OF WEXFORD

*IN comes the captain's daughter, the captain of the Yeos,  
Saying " Brave United Irishman, we'll ne'er again be foes.  
A thousand pounds I'll bring if you will fly from home with  
me,  
And dress myself in man's attire and fight for liberty."*

### CHORUS.

*We are the boys of Wexford, who fought with heart and hand  
To burst in twain the galling chain and free our native land.*

*" I want no gold, my maiden fair, to fly from home with  
thee;  
Your shining eyes will be my prize—more dear than gold  
to me.  
I want no gold to nerve my arm to do a true man's part—  
To free my land I'd gladly give the red drops from my heart."*  
Chorus.

*And when we left our cabins, boys, we left with right good  
will  
To see our friends and neighbours that were at Vinegar Hill !  
A young man from our Irish ranks a cannon he let go;  
He slapt it into Lord Mountjoy—a tyrant he laid low !*  
Chorus.

*We bravely fought and conquered at Ross and Wexford town;  
Three Bullet Gate for years to come will speak for our  
renown;  
Through Walpole's horse and Walpole's foot on Tubber-  
neering's day,  
Depending on the long, bright pike, we cut our gory way.*  
Chorus.

*And Oulart's name shall be their shame, whose steel we ne'er  
did fear,  
For every man could do his part like Forth and Shelmalier !  
And if, for want of leaders, we lost at Vinegar Hill,  
We're ready for another fight, and love our country still !*  
Chorus.

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.



# THE CROPPY BOY

(AIR: "*Cailin Og a Stor.*")

"**G**OOD men and true in this house who dwell,  
To a stranger bouchal I pray you tell,  
Is the priest at home, or may he be seen?  
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;  
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;  
But you must wait till I go and see  
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered a silent hall—  
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!  
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,  
With a vested priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.  
"Nomine Dei," the youth begins;  
At "*Mea culpa*" he beats his breast,  
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,  
And at Gorey my loving brothers all;  
I alone am left of my name and race,  
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day—  
At Mass-time once I went to play;  
I passed the churchyard one day in haste  
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing,  
But I love my country above the King.  
Now, Father, bless me and let me go  
To die if God has ordained it so."

The priest said naught, but a rustling noise  
Made the youth look up in wild surprise:

*The robes were off, and in scarlet there  
Sat a Yeoman captain with fiery glare.*

*With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,  
Instead of a blessing he breathed a curse:  
" 'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and thrive,  
For one short hour is your time to live.*

*" Upon yon river three tenders float,  
The priest's in one—if he isn't shot—  
We hold this house for our lord the King,  
And, Amen, say I, may all traitors swing!"*

*At Geneva Barracks that young man died,  
And at Passage they had his body laid.  
Good people, who live in peace and joy,  
Breathe a prayer, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.*  
CARROLL MALONE.

## THE MEN OF THE WEST

(AIR: "Eoghan Cóir.")

**W**HILE you honour in song and in story the names of the  
patriot men,  
Whose valour has covered with glory full many a mountain  
and glen,  
Forget not the boys of the heather, who marshalled their  
bravest and best,  
When Eire was broken in Wexford and looked for revenge to  
the West.

### CHORUS.

*I give you the gallant old West, boys,  
Where rallied our bravest and best  
When Ireland lay broken and bleeding;  
Hurrah for the men of the West!*

*The hilltops with glory were glowing, 'twas the eve of a  
bright harvest day,  
When the ships we'd been wearily waiting sailed into  
Killala's broad bay;*

*And over the hills went the slogan, to waken in every breast  
The fire that has never been quenched, boys, among the true  
hearts of the West.*

*Chorus.*

*Killala was ours ere the midnight, and high over Ballina  
town  
Our banners in triumph were waving before the next sun had  
gone down.  
We gathered to speed the good work, boys, the true men anear  
and afar;  
And history can tell how we routed the redcoats through old  
Castlebar.*

*Chorus.*

*And pledge me "The stout sons of France," boys, bold  
Humbert and all his brave men,  
Whose tramp, like the trumpet of battle, brought hope to  
the drooping again.  
Since Eire has caught to her bosom on many a mountain and  
hill  
The gallants who fell so they're here, boys, to cheer us to  
victory still.*

*Chorus.*

*Though all the bright dreamings we cherished went down in  
disaster and woe,  
The spirit of old is still with us that never would bend to  
the foe;  
And Connacht is ready whenever the loud rolling tuck of  
the drum  
Rings out to awaken the echoes and tell us the morning  
has come.*

**CHORUS.**

*So here's to the gallant old West, boys,  
Who rallied her bravest and best  
When Ireland was broken and bleeding;  
Hurrah, boys! Hurrah for the West!*

**WILLIAM ROONEY.**

## FIR AN IARTAIR

(CONCUBAR MAS URÓIR, DOCTÚIR LEIGIS, O'ASTRIG AN T-AMHRÁN  
BRÍOġMAR ÚO, *The Men of the West* le LIAM Ó MAOLRÚNAÍOÉ)

(Fonn: "Eoghan Cóir")

Má moltar le sgéal is le h-amhrán,  
Na fir a bí tréan agus fíor,  
Cuir cliú agus cáil le n-a n-óanáct  
Ar gleann agus srután 's sliaib,  
Ná fásaró ar deireadó na tréin-fir  
Do éruinniġ ar plánaíde Muiġeo  
Nuair a ġnótuġ na ġaill i loġ ġarmain—  
Siaġ muinntir an Iartair bí beo!

Curpá:

Seo sláinte na bfeair as an Iartair oib,  
Do éruinniġ le conġnam san ár!  
Seas siaġ i n-aimsir an ġéar-cáill—  
Seo sláinte fear Connaġt ġo bráġ!

Táimġ na longa lá fósmair  
So cuan Cill Alairó aġ snám,  
'S b'iomar com fada aġ súil leo  
ġur síleamar naġ otiocfaġo ġo bráġ.  
Aġus tosuġ na haġarca aġ séirveadó,  
Aġ fuaġairt ġo raib siaġ ar fásail,  
Aġus corruġeadó spreacadó i n'éirinn  
Naġ múcfař i ġConnaġt ġo bráġ!

Curpá:

Má caiteadó le fánaio ár smaointe  
'S ár n-óócas, faoi ġrigris agus léan,  
Tá an fíor-spioradó beo i n-ar ġcroiútiġ  
Naġ nġéillfíro don námaio ġo n-éas!  
Aġus féac! Táimíto réiró ar an n-óiméadó  
Do éluinfeas sinn torran an áir,  
Aġ fuaġairt ar élannaio na h'éireann  
So b'fuil saoirse ár n-oileáin ar fásail!



Curfá:

Seo sláinte na gConnactaí fíora  
 Óo éruinnig le congnamh san áir!  
 Siao toga 'sus roga na tíre;  
 Seo sláinte sean-Connact go bráic!

## BODENSTOWN

(AIR: "The Harp That Once.")

**T**HE lush grass hides forgotten graves,  
 The elders are abloom,  
 An ivied wall stands sentinel  
 Beside a lonely tomb.  
 And here, while summer holds her sway,  
 Linnet and blackbird throng,  
 And blend their sweetest songs o'er him  
 Who loved the battle song.

No gleaming marble rises tall  
 Above that sacred dust,  
 But simple words on modest stone  
 Tell of his freedom lust.  
 Enough—they bear his message on;  
 Methinks could he but know,  
 No other monument he'd crave  
 While Ireland's flag lies low.

Could he the grave's deep silence break,  
 Not sculptured stone he'd ask—  
 But men and guns, and gleaming swords,  
 To consummate his task.  
 Then let us in this holy place  
 Kneel down and breathe a prayer  
 A vow to carry on the work  
 Of him who slumbers there.

MAEVE CAVANAGH McDOWELL.

# A SONG OF THE NORTH

AIR: "*The Croppy Boy.*"

**I** SING a song of the Northern Land,  
 Whère the young Republic was bred and born;  
 Where men of all creeds joined hand in hand  
 To meet the Sasanach might with scorn;  
 Where heroes fought and where martyrs died  
 For Ireland's honour and Ireland's weal;  
 Where faith is stronger than England's pride,  
 And love more lasting than English steel!

Antrim and Down and Donegal;  
 Cavan, Fermanagh and green Tyrone;  
 Derry, Monaghan, Armagh—we love them all  
 For the tales they tell us of days long flown;  
 For the songs they sing us of Ninety-Eight;  
 Of Orr, McCracken, and brave Munro;  
 Of Hope, and Russell, and Betsy Grey;  
 And a thousand others who faced the foe!

From proud Cave Hill up to Breffni's vales,  
 From the eastern billows to Inishowen,  
 The breezes are telling a hundred tales  
 Of the ones who battled to hold their own;  
 Of boys like Neilson, the young and brave;  
 Of maids, and mothers, and manly men,  
 Of priest and parson who gladly gave  
 Their lives, that the land might be free again!

Men of the North! no shame is yours;  
 You are still unbeaten by greed and hate;  
 The hope of the centuries aye endures,  
 And the faith that was flaming in Ninety-Eight.  
 The day is dawning when Northern men  
 Shall sweep the foemen from sea to sea;  
 And songs of joy will be sung again  
 At Northern firesides—in Ireland free!

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

## TONE'S GRAVE

*IN Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,  
And wildly around it the winter winds rave;  
Small shelter I ween are the ruined walls there  
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.  
Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—  
And thought how he perished in prison alone,  
His friends unavenged and his country unfreed—  
“Oh, bitter,” I said, “is the patriot’s need.*

*“For in him the heart of a woman combined  
With a heroic life and a governing mind—  
A martyr for Ireland, his grave has no stone—  
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown.”  
I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread  
Of a band who came into the home of the dead;  
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,  
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.*

*There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,  
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,  
And children who thought me hard-hearted; for they  
On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play.  
But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said:  
“We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,  
And we’re going to raise him a monument, too—  
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true.”*

*My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,  
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band:  
“Sweet, sweet ’tis to find that such faith can remain  
To the cause and the man so long vanquished and slain.”  
In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,  
And freely around it let winter winds rave—  
Far better they suit him—the ruin and the gloom—  
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.*

THOMAS DAVIS.

## THE MOUNTAIN MEN

(This fine, spirited song, written by William Rooney to the air of "Fineen the Rover," is hardly ever heard on our concert platforms. It deserves to be popular).

*DID you mark e'er a smoke-drift go sailing  
A while ago down by yon wood?  
Did you hear in the glen the wind wailing  
Where a barrack a week ago stood?  
Did you hear the Yeos boasting to trap us,  
And hang us like dogs to a tree?  
Why, then, we're not strangers, and maybe  
You'll join in this chorus with me.*

### CHORUS.

*Sing ho ! for the boys of the Mountain;  
And hey ! for the boys of the Glen !  
Who never show heel to the sojers—  
Here's slainte to Dwyer and his men !*

*We're not given much to parading;  
There's not many guns in the throng;  
But he that comes spying our quarters  
Won't bother the world for a-long.  
The troopers come seeking us daily,  
To drive us to hell, so they say;  
But the road's a bit long, so we send them  
Before us to show us the way !*

*Chorus.*

*There's many a white-livered villain  
That dreads to awaken our ire,  
And tries to be civil, for treason  
We visit with steel, lead and fire.  
The people all bless us, for many  
A cabin's left safe and secure  
For fear of the men of the mountain  
Whose guns are the guard of the poor.*

*Chorus.*



*We laugh at their offers of money  
 And scorn their power. If we fail  
 It won't be the sojers or traitors  
 Who'll bring us to grief, I'll go bail.  
 We're only a few, but the valleys  
 And mountains are ours—every hill,  
 And while God leaves the strength in our sinews  
 We'll keep the old cause living still.*

*Chorus.*

## A SONG OF TONE

(AIR: "The Irish Volunteers.")

*NO craven dirge of sorrow  
 Our hearts will sing to-day,  
 No whinings for the morrow  
 Or for ages passed away;  
 But a song of bold rejoicing  
 That the seed by our martyrs sown  
 Has sprung to bloom by the lonely tomb  
 Of our own unconquered Tone!*

*O, brave young men of Eirinn!  
 Be steadfast, leal and true,  
 Be generous in your daring  
 For the cause of Roisin Dubh;  
 Be hers in joy and sorrow,  
 Even though you stand alone  
 For the stainless Right, 'gainst England's might,  
 Like our own unconquered Tone!*

*His fame is in your keeping,  
 To hold without a stain,  
 Till freedom's fires are leaping  
 From every hill and plain;  
 Till Ireland's battle slogan  
 Shall reach to the despot's throne,  
 And swords aflame shall trace the name  
 Of our own unconquered Tone!*

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

## KELLY OF KILLANNE

**W**HAT'S the news? What's the news? O my bold Shelmahier,  
 With your long-barrelled gun of the sea?  
 Say what wind from the sun blows his messenger here  
 With a hymn of the dawn for the free?  
 "Goodly news, goodly news, do I bring, Youth of Forth;  
 Goodly news shall you hear, Bargo man!  
 For the Boys march at morn from the South to the North,  
 Led by Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

—  
 "Tell me who is that giant with the gold curling hair—  
 He who rides at the head of your band?  
 Seven feet is his height, with some inches to spare,  
 And he looks like a king in command!"—  
 "Ah, my lads, that's the pride of the bold Shelmahiers,  
 'Mong our greatest of heroes, a Man!—  
 Fling your beavers aloft and give three ringing cheers  
 For John Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!"

Enniscorthy's in flames, and old Wexford is won,  
 And the Barrow to-morrow we cross,  
 On a hill o'er the town we have planted a gun  
 That will batter the gateways of Ross!  
 All the Forth men and Bargo men march o'er the heath,  
 With brave Harvey to lead on the van;  
 But the foremost of all in the grim Gap of Death  
 Will be Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!

But the gold sun of Freedom grew darkened at Ross,  
 And it set by the Slaney's red waves;  
 And poor Wexford, stript naked, hung high on a cross,  
 And her heart pierced by traitors and slaves!  
 Glory O! Glory O! to her brave sons who died  
 For the cause of long-down-trodden man!  
 Glory O! to Mount Leinster's own darling and pride—  
 Dauntless Kelly, the Boy from Killanne!

# Ó Ceallais, An Laoch Ó Cill Anne

Donncaid Ó Laoisaire d'Aistris.

Cao é an sceól? Cao é an sceól? A Maoiliúgra mór,  
 Atá ag iomcar do mór-gunna groidé,  
 Cao í an shaoch cúgáinn a sheol a taeachtairé an treó;  
 Le h-iomann na saoirse dá cloinn.  
 I b'fóarta cloisfear gan só an veig-séal,  
 Is i m'hairde gléasfar go mear;  
 Mar tátar ag sluaiseacht ó tuair pé lán tseól,  
 Pé treorúgáid Uí Ceallais ó Cill-Anne.

Aistris dúinn cé hé laoch an óir-fuile cáis buirde,  
 Atá ag sluaiseacht ar céann an marc-sluaig?  
 Atá seacht dtreoirche ar doirde is tuillead go fíor,  
 Is gur cuma nó rí é, dar tuac!  
 A buacailí, siúo agaid fíor-scoit na dtreon,  
 Slíocht Maoiliúgra nár b'faon ins an dtreas;  
 Bíodh gac cáibín i n-áirde lé gárta 'sus geóin,  
 O' Ua Ceallais an Laoch Ó Cill-Anne.

Tá Iniscórtais na smól dúb is Carmain ag Saethil,  
 Is raigimíó tar Bearba de cois;  
 Is cuirfimid gunna i mullac an tsleibhe,  
 A réabfuid mór-fallaí an Ruis.  
 Beir fíor ann ó f'óarta is ó b'airce gan só,  
 Agus h'airbí an Laoch lútmair mear;  
 Ait i b'fíor-túis an coimeascair sead gheobfar dar ndóig,  
 Ua Ceallais an Laoch Ó Cill-Anne.

Ait cáinig scamall ar gréin gíl na saoirse ag Ros,  
 Agus élaocluis cois Sláinge na dtonn;  
 Tá Carmain gá céasáid go h-áró ar an gcrois  
 Ag méirlis, mo éreac! is a clann!  
 Ait glóire pé óó anois d'anam na dtreon,  
 O'éas ar son Éireann le sean;  
 Ait glóire don b'fear úo ón Sluab—'sé an leóman,  
 Ua Ceallais an Laoch Ó Cill-Anne.

## THE THREE FLOWERS

*ONE time when walking down a lane,  
When night was drawing nigh,  
I met a colleen with three flowers,  
And she more young than I.  
"St. Patrick bless you, dear," said I,  
"If you'll be quick and tell  
The place where you did find these flowers,  
I seem to know so well."*

*She took and kissed the first flower once,  
And sweetly said to me:  
"This flower comes from the Wicklow hills,  
Dew wet and pure," said she;  
"Its name is Michael Dwyer—  
The strongest flower of all;  
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast  
Though all the world should fall."*

*She took and kissed the next flower twice,  
And sweetly said to me:  
"This flower I culled in Antrim fields,  
Outside Belfast," said she.  
"The name I call it is Wolfe Tone,—  
The bravest flower of all;  
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast  
Though all the world should fall."*

*She took and kissed the next flower thrice,  
And softly said to me:  
"This flower I found in Thomas Street,  
"In Dublin fair," said she.  
"Its name is Robert Emmet,  
The youngest flower of all;  
But I'll keep it fresh beside my breast,  
Though all the world should fall.  
Then Emmet, Dwyer and Tone I'll keep,  
For I do love them all;  
And I'll keep them fresh beside my breast  
Though all the world should fall."*

NORMAN G. REDDIN.

(By permission of the publishers—words and  
music 1/—Walton's).



## BY MEMORY INSPIRED

(This '98 street ballad, to a traditional air, was sung throughout Ireland when the English seized John Mitchel in 1848 and sent him to imprisonment and exile beyond the seas).

*BY* memory inspired, and love of country fired,  
 The deeds of men I love to dwell upon;  
 And the patriotic glow of my spirit must bestow  
 A tribute to the heroes that are gone, boys, gone—  
 Here's the memory of the heroes that are gone!

*In* October, 'Ninety-Seven—may his soul find rest in heaven—  
 William Orr to execution was led on;  
 The jury, drunk, agreed that Irish was his creed,  
 For perjury and threats drove them on, boys, on—  
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

*In* 'Ninety-Eight—the month, July—the informer's pay was  
 high,  
 When Reynolds gave the gallows brave McCann;  
 But McCann was Reynolds' first—one could not allay his  
 thirst—  
 So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys,  
 gone—  
 Here's the memory of the friends that are gone.

*We* saw a nation's tears shed for John and Henry Sheares,  
 Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong;  
*We* may forgive, but yet we never can forget  
 The fate of Tone and Emmet that are gone, boys, gone,  
 Of all the fearless heroes that are gone.

*How* did Lord Edward die? Like a man, without a sigh!  
 But he left his handiwork on Major Swan!  
*But* Sirr, with steel-clad breast, and coward heart at best,  
 Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys,  
 gone—  
 Here's the memory of our friends that are gone!

September, Eighteen-Three, closed this cruel history,  
 When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.  
 Oh, had our men been wise they then might realise  
 Their freedom—but we drink to Mitchel that is gone,  
     boys, gone—  
 Here's the memory of the heroes that are gone!

## THE RISING OF THE MOON

(AIR: "The Wearing of the Green.")

"OH! then, tell me, Seán O'Farrell, tell me why you  
 hurry so?"

"Hush, a bhuchaill, hush and listen," and his cheeks were  
 all a-glow.

"I bear orders from the Captain, get you ready quick and  
 soon,

For the pikes must be together at the rising of the moon."

"Oh! then tell me, Seán O'Farrell, where the gathering  
 is to be?"

"In the old spot by the river, right well known to you  
 and me.

One word more—for signal token whistle up the marching  
 tune,

With your pike upon your shoulder, by the rising of the  
 moon."

Out from many a mudwall cabin eyes were watching thro'  
 that night,

Many a manly breast was throbbing for the blessed warning  
 light,

Murmurs passed along the valleys like the banshee's lonely  
 croon,

And a thousand blades were flashing at the rising of the  
 moon.

*There beside the singing river that dark mass of men was  
seen.*

*Far above the shining weapons hung their own beloved  
green.*

*"Death to every foe and traitor! Forward! Strike the  
marching tune,*

*And, hurrah, my boys, for freedom! 'tis the rising of the  
moon."*

*Well they fought for poor old Ireland, and full bitter was  
their fate—*

*(Oh! what glorious pride and sorrow fills the name of  
Ninety-Eight)—*

*Yet, thank God, e'en still are beating hearts in manhood's  
burning noon*

*Who would follow in their footsteps at the rising of the  
moon!*

JOHN KEEGAN CASEY.

## ÉIRISE NA SEALAISÉ

SCRÍOBTA AR OTÚS I SACSBEURLA LE SEÁGAN MAC AODAGÁIN  
Ua CATASAIŠ ("Leo"): AGUS AR N-A CÚR I NŠAEUILS LE  
UILLIAM MAC UILLIAM ("an Ceilteac") Ó DÚNGARBÁIN.

"Innis dom, a Seágain Uí Feargail,  
Fáct do luadair cúgáinn i leit!"

"Éist! éist! léim' sgeul, a buacail,"—  
A's a leaca lasta teit,—

"Is siad ordúigte ár t-aoisig,  
Sinn o'ár ngleusaó féin le bris,  
A's na píciúe beit lé céile  
Le glain-éirise na Sealaisé!"

"Innis dom, a Seágain Uí Feargail,  
Cá mbeir bailliugadó na bfeair otreun?"

"Ins an tsean-áit cois an tsrota,  
Is léir-aitníú dúinn araon.  
Seinntear suas liú an Rosg-cata,  
Ár sean-pórt máirseála féin,  
A's na píciúe ár nguaillnib  
Le caoim-éirise gil na Rae!"

Ó saó teaglaó, fearó na hoiróce,  
 O'fáir na mílte glas-súil glé;  
 P'reab na mílte croiróe ar feiteam  
 Le teacht soluis loóram Dó!  
 Rit trom-monar tres na gleannaió  
 Mar éronán dúbáó mná-síóe,  
 A's bí coillte sleaó ag deallraó  
 Le glain-éirge na Sealaige!

Tall, cois an tsrota tonnmaí  
 Seas na fianna vána teann,  
 'S ár n-óil-brataó glórmhar uaine  
 Ag follamhain ós a sceann!  
 "Dás do'n namhaid 's do luét na braitte!  
 Seinn Rosg-cata! buail suas é!  
 Dia le héirinn! Dia le Saoirse!  
 Feuc! óil-éirge seál na Rae!"

Maíó a dtreás ar son na Vanban,  
 A's síó truaó a dtuitim tréit.  
 Dar mo láim! ní náir linn labhairt  
 Ar sean "bliaóain a' *Ninety-eight*."  
 Duiró le Dia! táio fós ar maréain  
 Croiróe láiróe laóóda groidé,  
 Tríallfao 'na rian do'n macáir  
 Le glain-éirge na Sealaige.

## TONE IS COMING BACK AGAIN

(This song to a traditional air, has been popular in Ulster since the days of the United Irishmen).

**C***CHEER UP, brave hearts, to-morrow's dawn will see us  
 march again  
 Beneath old Erin's flag of green that ne'er has known a  
 stain.  
 And ere our hands the sword shall yield or furl'd that banner  
 be—  
 We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's  
 thraldom free!*



## CHORUS.

*For Tone is coming back again with legions o'er the wave,  
The scions of Lord Clare's Brigade, the dear old land to save,  
For Tone is coming back again with legions o'er the wave  
The dear old land, the loved old land, the brave old land  
to save!*

*Though crouching minions preach to us to be the Saxon's  
slave,*

*We'll teach them all what pikes can do when hearts are true  
and brave.*

*Fling Freedom's banner to the breeze, let it float o'er land  
and sea—*

*We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's thraldom  
free!*

Chorus.

*Young Dwyer 'mong the heath-clad hills of Wicklow leads  
his men;*

*And Russell's voice stirs kindred hearts in many an Ulster  
glen;*

*Brave Father Murphy's men march on from the Barrow to  
the sea—*

*We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's thraldom  
free!*

Chorus.

*Too long we've borne with smouldering wrath the curséd alien  
laws,*

*That wreck our shrines and burn our homes and crush our  
country's cause;*

*But now the day has come at last: Revenge our watchword  
'be!*

*We swear to make our native land from the tyrant's thraldom  
free!*

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# TWENTY MEN FROM DUBLIN TOWN

(In 1798, after the close of the Insurrection, several United Irishmen left Dublin and joined Michael Dwyer in the mountains).

**T***WENTY* men from Dublin Town  
 Riding on the mountain side,  
 Fearless of the Saxon frown,  
 Twenty brothers true and tried.  
 Blood flows in the City streets,  
 There the Green is lying low;  
 Here the emerald standard greets  
 Eyes alike of friend and foe.

*Fly the city, brothers tried;  
 Join us on the mountain side,  
 Where we've England's power defied,  
 Twenty men from Dublin Town.*

*Twenty men from Dublin Town,  
 Full of love and full of hate.  
 Oh! our chief, our Tone is down—  
 Soul of God, avenge his fate!  
 Joy it is whene'er we meet  
 Redcoats in the mountain track—  
 Ah! as deer they must be fleet  
 If they get to Dublin back.*

*Chorus.*

*Twenty men from Dublin Town,  
 Every night around the fire  
 Brimming methers toss we down  
 To our captain, Michael Dwyer.  
 Sláinte, Michael, brave and true,  
 Then there rings the wild "Hurrah!"  
 As we drink, dear land, to you,  
 Éire sláinte geal go bráth!*

*Chorus.*

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

(By permission of the publishers—words and  
 music 1/—Walton's).

# WOLFE TONE

(AIR: "The Croppy Boy.")

**T**HE first storm of winter blew high, blew high;  
 Red leaves were scattering to a gloomy sky;  
 Rain clouds were lowering o'er the plains of Kildare,  
 When from Dublin, southward, the mourners came there.

"In the spring," they whispered, "Lord Edward bled,  
 And the blood of hosts was in summer shed;  
 Death in the autumn o'er Connacht passed,  
 But the loss that is sorest came last, came last.

"Though Fitzgerald died, sure we fought them still,  
 And we shouted 'Vengeance' on Vinegar Hill,  
 Knowing our flag would again be flown  
 If France gave ear to the prayers of Tone.

"Twice," we thought, "his appealing lips  
 Brought forth her armies and battleships,  
 And the storms of God shall not always stay  
 England's doom, as in Bantry Bay.

"And, oh," we said to the hopeless ones,  
 Who made count of Ireland's martyred sons,  
 "The bravest lives; be your mourning dumb,  
 Ere the snow of winter Wolfe Tone shall come."

He came—was beaten—we bear him here  
 From a prison cell on his funeral bier,  
 And Freedom's hope shall be buried low  
 With his mouldering corpse 'neath the winter snow.

"Hush," one said, o'er the new-set sod,  
 "Hope shall endure with our faith in God,  
 And God shall only forsake us when  
 This grave is forgotten by Irishmen."

ALICE MILLIGAN.

## SLIABH NA mBAN

Is ot liom féineac bualaó 'n lae úo  
 'Do tóul ar Saeóil boéc 's na céadta slao,  
 Mar tá na méirliḡ aḡ déanam game oínn,  
 A's a ráó náó don nio leo píó ná sleaḡ.  
 Níor táinig ar Major i tóúis an lae cuḡainn  
 'S ní raómar féin ann i scóir ná 'sceart,  
 Ac, mar a seólfai tréada de ba san aóora  
 Ar taobh na ḡréine de Sliabh na mBan.

Mó léan léir ar an tream san éireacó  
 Nár fan le h-éirim is o'oióce is stao,  
 So mbeaó tóútaíḡ Déise aḡus iartar éireann  
 Aḡ triall le céile ó'n tír anveas;  
 So mbeaó a ḡcampai déanta le fórsaí tréana  
 Deaó conḡnam Dé linn sa saóḡal ar fao,  
 A's ní tólfaió méirliḡ de muintir Néill sinn,  
 A's buaíófríde an réim linn ar Sliabh na mBan.

'Sé Ros do b'reoió a's do claoiú go deó sinn  
 Mar ar fáḡaó mór-cúio oínn sínte laḡ:  
 Leanbaí óḡa 'na smólaibh ann tóíḡte  
 A's an méio a fan beó tóíó cois claióe nó ḡairt!  
 Ac ḡeallaim féin tóib an té dein an fóḡla  
 So mbeam-na i scóir do le píó a's le sleaḡ,  
 A's go ḡcuirfeam yeomen ar crit 'n-a mbróḡa  
 Aḡ tóíol an cómair leo ar Sliabh na mBan.

Is mó fear aosta a's croḡaire ḡlé-ḡeal,  
 Ó'n am go céile do ḡaḡaó le seal;  
 'N-a bfuil córdaí caola aḡ baint lúó a nḡeas tóíó,  
 I n'oiinsiúin daora go doimínn faoi ḡlas;  
 ḡárdaí taobh leo ná leómpaó sméio orra,  
 'Do déanfaó plé tóíó i tóir tar lear;  
 O'a tóḡabairt saor ó n-a namáio san baóḡaóas,  
 I n-am an tsaóḡair ar Sliabh na mBan

Atá an Francaó faóḡraó a's a loingear ḡléasta  
 Le cranna ḡeura acu ar muir le seal;  
 'Sé a síor-ḡeal go bfuil a tótriall ar éirinn  
 A's go ḡcuirfio Saeóil boéc' airis 'na ḡceart.



Uá mbáð úóis liom féineac so mb' píor an sgéal úo,  
 Úeac mo éroíde com h-éacrom le lon ar sgeac  
 So mbéac claoíde ar méirlis a's an adarc u'a séíveac  
 Ar taob na gréine de Sliað na mBan.

Tá na cóbaíis móra as iarraíó eólaíis,  
 Tá'n aimsir ós 's an cáðair as teac;  
 An té meill na gnóta is é leigisíó fós íad,  
 A's ní úolpam feórling leó, cíos ná sraic;  
 Píosa c'róinneac an éuo is mó úe,  
 Luac éiric bó nó teaglaíis deas,  
 Deíó rinne ar bóíre a's soillse u'a n'úógar 'sainn,  
 Deíó meíóir a's mórtas ar Sliað na mBan

## THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

(This is the oldest of the many street ballads of this title,  
 and probably the oldest of all the songs in English about '98).

*I'M a lad that's forced an exile  
 From my own native land,  
 For an oath that's passed against me  
 In this country I can't stand;  
 But while I'm at my liberty  
 I will make my escape.  
 I'm a poor distressed Croppy  
 For the Green on my cape!  
     For the Green on my cape!  
     For the Green on my cape!  
 I'm distressed—but not dishearten'd—  
 For the Green on my cape!*

*But I'll go down to Belfast  
 To see that seaport gay,  
 And tell my aged parents  
 In this country I can't stay.  
 Oh, 'tis dark will be their sorrow—  
 But no truer hearts I've seen,  
 And they'd rather see me dying  
 Than a traitor to the Green!*

O, the wearing of the Green!  
 O, the wearing of the Green!  
 May the curse of Cromwell darken  
 Each traitor to the Green!

When I went down to Belfast,  
 And saw that seaport grand,  
 My aged parents blessed me,  
 And blessed poor Ireland.  
 Then I went unto a captain,  
 And bargained with him cheap—  
 He told me that his whole ship's crew  
 Wore Green on the cape!  
     O, the Green on the cape!  
     O, the Green on the cape!  
 God's blessing guard the noble boys  
 With Green on the cape!

'Twas early the next morning  
 Our gallant ship set sail;  
 Kind Heaven did protect her  
 With a pleasant Irish gale.  
 We landed safe in Paris,  
 Where victualling was cheap—  
 They knew we were United,  
 We wore Green on the cape!  
     We wore Green on the cape!  
     We wore Green on the cape!  
 They treated us like brothers  
 For the Green on the cape!

Then forward stepped young Boney,  
 And took me by the hand,  
 Saying "How is old Ireland,  
 And how does she stand?"  
 "It's as poor, distressed a nation  
 As ever you have seen,  
 They are hanging men and women  
 For the wearing of the Green!  
     For the wearing of the Green!  
     For the wearing of the Green!  
 They are hanging men, and women, too,  
 For the wearing of the Green!"

"Take courage now, my brave boys,  
 For here you have good friends,  
 And we'll send a convoy with you  
 Down by their Orange dens;  
 And if they should oppose us,  
 With our weapons sharp and keen  
 We'll make them rue and curse the day  
 That e'er they saw the Green!  
 That e'er they saw the Green!  
 That e'er they saw the Green!  
 We'll show them our authority  
 For wearing of the Green!

O, may the wind of Freedom  
 Soon send young Boney o'er,  
 And we'll plant the tree of Liberty  
 Upon our Shamrock shore;  
 O, we'll plant it with our weapons  
 While the English tyrants gape  
 To see their bloody flag torn down  
 To Green on the cape!  
 O, the wearing of the Green!  
 O, the wearing of the Green!  
 God grant us soon to see that day,  
 And freely wear the Green!

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# CARROLL BAWN

(TRADITIONAL AIR).

'TWAS in the town of Wexford they sentenced him to die,  
'TWAS in the town of Wexford they built the gallows high,  
And there one summer morning when beamed the gentle dawn  
Upon that cursed gallows they hung my Carroll Bán.

Oh ! he was true and loyal, oh ! he was true and fair,  
And only nineteen summers shone on his golden hair ;  
And when his gallant brothers had grasped the pike in hand,  
Where the green flag streamed the fairest, he stood for native  
land.

I saw him cross the heather with his bold companie,  
And from the rising hillside he waved his hand to me ;  
Then on my wild heart settled a load of woe and pain :  
Mo bhrón ! its throbbing told me we'd never meet again.

They fought the Saxon foemen by Slaney's glancing wave,  
But brutal strength o'erpowered the gallant and the brave,  
And in the flight which followed that day of misery  
Sore wounded, he was taken, young Carroll Bán mo chroidhe.

Oh, fairior geur ! that ever I saw the dreadful sight—  
His locks all damply hanging, his cheeks so deadly white.  
What wonder if my ringlets were changed from dark to grey  
Or if the blessed hand of God had ta'en my life away.

'TWAS in the town of Wexford they sentenced him to die,  
'TWAS in the town of Wexford they built the gallows high.  
With form erect and manly, and look of scornful pride,  
For Ireland's faith and freedom my true love nobly died.

The meadow path is lonely, the hearth is cold and dim,  
And the silent churchyard blossom blooms softly over him ;  
And my heart is ever yearning for the calm rest coming on,  
When its weary pulse lies sleeping beside my Carroll Bán.

" LEO."



# THE PATRIOT MAID

(Dedicated to Betsy Grey, the patriot maid who fought and fell with the Insurgent forces in Ulster in '98).

(AIR: "*Paddies Evermore.*")

*A*<sup>N</sup> Irish girl in heart and soul,  
 I love the dear old land;  
 I honour those who in her cause  
 Lift voice or pen or hand.  
 And may I live to see her free  
 From foreign lord and knave,  
 But Heaven forbid I'd ever be  
 The mother of a slave.

God bless the men who take their stand  
 In Ireland's patriot host;  
 I'd give the youth my heart and hand  
 Who serves his country most;  
 And if he fell, I'd rather lie  
 Beside him in the grave  
 Than wed a wealthy loon and be  
 The mother of a slave.

Thro' many a blood-red age of woe  
 Our Nation's heart has bled;  
 But still she makes her tyrants know  
 Her spirit is not dead.  
 God bless the men who for her sake  
 Their life and genius gave;  
 God bless the mothers of those sons,  
 They nursed no dastard slave!

Some on the scaffold place of doom  
 For loving Ireland died;  
 And others to the dungeon-gloom  
 Are torn from our side,  
 But God the Just, who ne'er designed  
 His image for a slave,  
 Will give our country might and mind  
 And raise the true and brave.

## THE PATRIOT MOTHER

*"COME, tell us the name of the rebelly crew  
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you;  
Come, tell us the treason, and then you'll be free,  
Or right quickly you'll swing from the high gallows tree."*

*"A leanbh ! a leanbh ! the shadow of shàme  
Has never yet fallen on one of your name,  
And, oh ! may the food from my bosom you drew  
In your veins turn to poison if you turn untrue."*

*"The foul words, oh ! let them not blacken your tongue,  
That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong,  
Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,  
With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head !"*

*"I have no one but you in the whole world wide,  
Yet false to your pledge you'd ne'er stand by my side;  
If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away  
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapped in the clay."*

*"Oh ! deeper and darker the mourning would be  
For your falsehood so base than your death proud and free;  
Dearer, far dearer, than ever to me,  
My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree !"*

*"'Tis holy, a ghrádh, from the bravest and best—  
Go, go from my heart and be joined with the rest,  
A leanbh mo chroidhe ! O, a leanbh mo chroidhe !  
Sure, a 'stag' and a traitor you never will be !"*

*There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow  
That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now;  
No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high—  
No traitor e'er showed such a proud flashing eye."*

*On the high gallows tree, on the brave gallows tree,  
Where smiled leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he !  
But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair  
As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there."*

EVA MARY KELLY.

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